

the MEN

Here is a pretty *paper doll* for you to cut out & dress up! Cut her out with *scissors*. If your hand bleeds, pick up the scissors from the other end. If you have trouble, ask your mother to do the cutting for you. If you want to make your doll stand up (and last longer), glue her to a sturdy piece of *card-board* or *oaktag* before cutting her out.



HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE
VOLUME 15 ISSUE 7
DECEMBER 8, 2000



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DECEMBER 8TH, 2000

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to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays before midnight**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: **Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.



HOW CAN YOU
STUDY RELIGION
WHEN YOU HAVE
NO SOUL?

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO J. WILDER KONSCHAK ABOUT GABE MCKEE

FROM THE EDITOR



BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE

With the end of my fifth semester right on the horizon, I see the world around me changing yet again, in ways I never thought imaginable. Here I am, in the Pub Lab at 1:07 in the morning, alone, writing this article. After this, I shall print up this fine issue of the *Omen* and take it to Duplications in the morning. After that, I shall wait just about a week to get 600 beautiful copies of this precious magazine with which the campus shall be flooded immediately. But then why do I worry?

I worry for my friends, their lives, my life, and what Hampshire has come to stand for us. Many of my close friends and classmates are going on leave next semester, leaving the campus to be run by people like me and others who struggle for power. We can't let the Div IIIs run it since they really have no idea what it means to take classes or "do" anything anymore. That means that us third years (you know who you are) who are planning on graduating in just 3 short semesters must band together and fight the forces of evil, tyranny, and attempts to censor such beautiful things as the nude human body and free speech.

Of course, you, the average Joe-Shmoe *Omen* reader, are thinking, "Gee - what the Hell is this guy talking about?" And to that, I don't really have an answer ... short of: **WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE AND ALL YOU CAN DO IS READ THIS SILLY MAGAZINE!! DON'T YOU HAVE SOMETHING BETTER TO DO WITH YOUR TIME!! GO FLY A KITE!! GO FINISH THAT DIV I THAT YOU STILL HAVEN'T DONE FOR FOUR SEMESTERS NOW!! GO**

ASK THAT GIRL OUT THAT HAUNTS YOUR DREAMS EVERYNIGHT!! Do you see what I mean??

No, I guess not, and that's just fine with me. I just want to say that one thing this semester has taught me is that it's okay to screw up - it's okay to ask for help. We all make mistakes. Unfortunately, there are some out there who make the same mistakes over and over and over again, and they are the truly unfortunate ones. In fact, they're the ones who fuck society up and make killers of us all.

For those of you who have read this far, I just want to remind you that it's okay to turn off the television every once and a while. Go out and see a Hampshire-produced play, help your buddy with his or her film shoot, or join Community Council. At least when your 70 and your hooked up to all of those machines just to stay alive, you'll have something to remember other than that time when the condom broke.

So now, in the holiday spirit, I just want to wish everyone a safe and happy break. I hope everyone gets rip-roarin' smashed and has a beautiful person on their arm when the clock strikes midnight on December 31st because being alone on New Years really sucks.

And, oh yeah, I just want to say that you really hurt my feelings Caitlinn. Really. I don't think I'll ever write about Council again. In fact, I must apologize for aiming my mustard gas so close to my allies - it seems that it may have struck me as well. I guess all's well that ends well. And this is the end. Until next semester.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

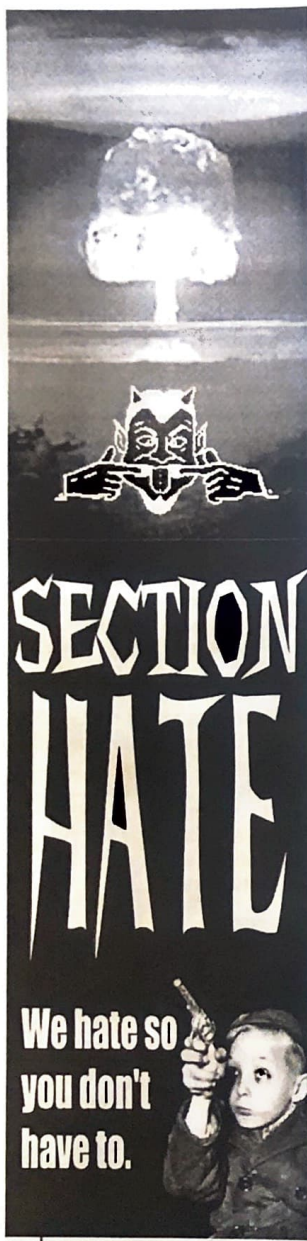
to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.

Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus and beyond.



8 DECEMBER, 2000



A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

So Wednesday night, I picked up a copy of my favorite publication, the *Omen*, in the hopes I might relieve some end o' semester stress with a delightfully bitter rant or two. After spending the past few weeks writing papers, going to council meetings, doing my office hours (Yes Benni, some of us do our council hours - you should drop by and chat.) and trying to complete a Div I, I was pretty stressed out. So, when I opened up to Benni's wonderfully constructed editorial you can believe that it just made my day. Now, in an attempt to assuage my stress induced homicidal indignation, I thought I should write a retort. Don't get me wrong, I love the *Omen*. I think Benni and the staff has done a reasonably good job. I read the paper religiously and save all the copies, and no I'm not kissing ass here so don't bother to bend over. Your last editorial lacked the force a Community Council rant should get and I think it deserves some of my attention.

First of all, Benni, what was up with that lame ass attempt to bash Council? I mean come on, you picked the most superficial issue and then watered it down to some vague rant about how Council sucks, so there, neener neener. Did you stick your tongue out while you were writing it too? I'm assuming that you were just too busy to write about anything real and figured you would fall back on the good old kick the Council standby. It's all the rage and so terribly original. I mean for Christ sake, there was no searing in-depth look into some bad decision making or per-

sonality wars. You attacked with all the precision of the mustard gas used in World War I; you lobbed a canister, covered your mouth with the first amendment and hoped the wind didn't kill any of your allies. Next time, use a sniper rifle, it's a little more precise and you won't hit so many of the people on your side. I mean I hate to mention, but if you were desperate for a story about Council all you had to do was ask, there are plenty of them that would be a hell of a lot juicier than "Council sucks, He Hee." I mean, professionalism, please.

I will grant you, the reformation of our Representative Democracy was a wonderful idea. Over the years, the commitment of the elected officials to their constituents has waned. We need to revitalize that commitment and I think the various newspapers on campus can play a part in that. However, here again we see your lack of depth. You accused Council of being factionalized and then complained that we needed to fix the representative system. Unfortunately, and you would know this if you had gone deeper than what appeared on your camera lens, that is one of the main reasons we have broken into factions. Some people agree with you Benni, but they are still in the minority and fighting hard. And you just chided those people who support you for becoming factioned. Way to defeat the cause, Benni. Some of Council is fighting to fix the democratic system on campus. But, there has been a lot of opposition from people who want to institute something else. Each side is

BY CATHY QUINN

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REDEM FOR GREAT PRIZES
CUT 3-
1-13
SAVE -- OFFICIAL CURR--

FILM CRITIC
FOR HIRE

THE ROYAL COMMUNITY COUNCIL AIR FORCE

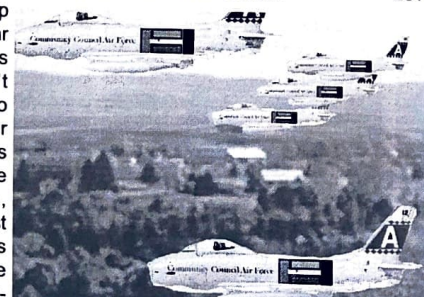
BY SHAUN BOYLE

I don't know about you but I was scared to learn that Community Council gets \$300,000 each year. Yes, I understand that a lot of that money is used for worthy causes like the Student Activities Fund and group funding. Just imagine, will you, what would happen if that money fell into the wrong hands and Community Council starting 'investing' in certain things. I present to you a theoretical four-year Community Council Defense plan.

Year 1: Things start to seem fishy when every group gets \$250 for the year because Council claims there just wasn't enough money to go around. Upon further investigation a deed is discovered for a 5-acre property in Glasco, Kansas. This isn't just any ordinary 5-acres because during the Cold War the U.S. Government used to house Atlas-F Inter-Continental Ballistic Missiles there. Now it's "the world's only missile silo luxury home with runway...the perfect getaway home...its climate controlled and capable of withstanding a nuclear hit."

Year 2: Each group only gets \$50 per year and the Student Activities Fund can only afford to sponsor an annual "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" event. The sound of a helicopter can be heard over campus during the early morning hours. When driving on 1-91 towards Amherst, a Bell AH-1W can

be seen sitting on the tarmac with the Hampshire "H" emblem painted on its side. With what was left of the \$300,000 Community Council was able to put a down payment on the aircraft. By taking out a mortgage on their missile silo luxury home, CC was also able to buy a 1978 Shorts Skyvan Series 3A cargo plane. Coincidentally, this year's batch of first years and prospective students seem really into skydiving and the new Leadership/Wilderness Survival Center.



Year 3: Maintaining and fueling aircraft as well as feeding paratroopers, as we all know, costs a lot of money. Over spending left Community Council with no steady income or savings so this year they have decided to buy the rights of Rambo First Blood: Part 2 from producer Mario Kassar. This seems like a stupid move on CC's part at first but then the royalty checks start rolling in from repeated showings of the film on the USA Network and ZDF, a cable channel in Germany. Soon Community Council is able to af-

ford more helicopter sorties (training missions) each month. The sound of the helicopter can be heard all the time and it is not uncommon to see a paratrooper land right outside your window. Community Council also decides to invest in a Civil Defense Air Raid siren. Weeks later the chemical warfare drills commence. A monotonous voice continually repeats over the loudspeaker: "Exercise. Exercise. Exercise. Condition Black. Mopp Level 5. Attack is imminent or in progress." Everyone on campus gets a gas mask except members of the Omen staff.

Year 4: Finally, Community Council wins a nuclear warhead on eBay after months of losing to a militia group in Montana minutes before the auction closed. 24 hours later the mobilization plan begins to take effect. Bulldozers arrive at the school's entrance as students are bused to Northampton airport to await the next flight to Glasco, Kansas. As soon as everyone is gone, the bulldozers turn the school into an economy parking lot for the Mullins center.

Weeks later, Community Council decides to wage nuclear war on Bolivia but loses because they cannot decide whether to vote to push the button or come to a consensus in order to push the button. Hampshire College Glasco Tactical campus is destroyed.





Section ZOLE



RIFF RIFF!

BY MICHAEL ZOLE

Have you ever wanted to learn to play the guitar?

Don't lie to me, you little shit. Of course you have. There's obviously something very alluring about the guitar that makes it the instrument of choice for such hit bands as Metallica and Dig, and you've no doubt looked upon a photo of some smug-looking guitarist noodling away on his phallic six-string and said "Gee, I wish I could do that!" Well, you're in luck, because it turns out that learning to play the guitar is easy as shit. It'll take a bit of dedication, sure, and your ability to ignore your own flaws will be stretched to the limit. But considering the boundless artistic expression your newfound musical skill will allow you, I think the effort is well worth it.

I'm kidding, of course. Playing the guitar won't bring you glamour; at best it'll land you a position as "Gawky Nerd #3" in a local indie rock band. Your self-awareness will be stripped away as you awkwardly belt out chords, imagining that you've just written

a song, or even that your guitar is in tune. Your fingers will hurt like hell as you develop calluses, and your posture will deteriorate as you start to hang out with members of your local indie rock scene. The only downside is that guitars are kinda expensive.

Before you start, you'll have to decide what type of gui-

tar to buy. Take this mini-quiz to find out:

1. Does raw sensitivity flow through your veins? If so, maybe you should buy an acoustic guitar.
2. Do you like creating large amounts of noise with relatively small movements of your hand? If so, maybe you should buy an electric guitar.
3. Are you tall, and do you like to look at your feet? If so, maybe you should buy a bass guitar.

You may be thinking about buying an acoustic guitar because it will be less bothersome to your hall- or mod-mates. Trust me, this is not true. Acoustics are louder than you'd think, and with an electric, you've got an amplifier you can turn down.

As for price, you should start with a cheap guitar. I had to start with a cheap guitar, and there's no reason you deserve any better. Ideally you should buy it used, so you get the full assortment of nicks, scratches, and very-hard-to-remove stickers. You can mail-order guitars these days, but you're much better

off buying one from a store. Music store employees will often only pay attention to you if you're spending more than \$200, and since that won't happen too often, enjoy it when you can.

Once you've got your guitar, you have to learn to play it. This can seem hard at first, but after the initial learning curve it gets

easy pretty fast. An excellent way to learn to play is the "Nirvana method". This worked better in the early 90s, but it still holds today. Basically, just learn to play Nirvana songs. They're not hard, and "Come As You Are" is definitely this generation's "Smoke On The Water": a song every guitarist should know. If you're feeling more ambitious, you could take guitar lessons, to avoid picking up the oodles of bad playing habits you get when teaching yourself. On the other hand, bad playing habits and teaching yourself are the two main advantages of the guitar, so you should probably just teach yourself.

After a few months, or weeks, or days of practice, you'll probably feel like you're ready to join or start a band. Most people would say that it's a bad idea to join a band with so little experience, but I want to see you make an ass of yourself, so I say join a band at the earliest opportunity. If you don't want to do that, you can write songs and be a solo singer/songwriter (this works better with an acoustic). Feel free to write about anything you want; word on the street is that Dar Williams couldn't make it as a writer, so she became a folk singer. See what a difference a guitar can make?

With that, enjoy your vacation, learn "Stairway to Heaven", and submit to the *Omen*. Or the *Nemo*. Those silly fuckers. I'll see you after Janterm.



KEELY'S LAST ARTICLE EVER!



BY KEELY FLYNN

It's no fun anymore. As one *Omen* colleague pointed out, *Profitable Narcissism* sorta loses its flare if no one plays along. Perhaps there are more interesting topics on campus than me- *right*- and thus I must find a new place with new suckers to give me the attention I deserve. Namely, London. Call me Jack, 'cause I'm hittin' the road. I'm going again, on my own. I'm leaving Las Vegas. I'm runnin' down a dream.

I'm skippin' the country, the state, the school, and mostly, you.

There are many things that I'd like to leave (get rid of) to certain people and groups at Hampshire. Those friends that aren't mentioned are most likely jaunting to Europe as well. Whee! Keep in mind, if and when I return to Hampshire College, I'll become an Indian-giver. (Ooh, is that offensive? I do hope so.) In short, I'll be nabbing all of this back. So don't get too emotional yet.

To my orientees, past and present. F'00, (those that haven't transferred yet), keep being tembly attractive and popular. Like you have a choice. And this year's group- the derelicts. You make us so proud. Keep on damming the man. Keep all of your bad habits, and perhaps pick up a few new ones in my absence. For you guys, I leave an intense love of the 80s and the uncanny knack for mixing and matching neon with absolutely anything.

Darwin's Kids, past and present. I leave you a bunch of scenes to steal, as I will no longer be a threat. No, really, I leave you guys a killer audience of people that get all the jokes, appreciate all the sight gags, and stalk you as you deserve to be

stalked. To the new kids, I leave a hell of a legacy. Perhaps you'll even show up to filming on time. Make me proud.

To Mod 96: I leave you my array of Lysol, Windex, Swiffers, feather dusters, 409 and the compulsion to go along with it. May your supply of chick magazines never run out. May the baking never cease, may the music always be loud and danceable at any hour of the morning, may the CSA never be picked up on time, may you have a humongous fridge and well-labeled Tupperware that gets disposed of prior to rotting.

Admissions- ah, how I'll miss thee! I leave you a bunch of prospectives that aren't bizarre and parents that aren't rude when dealing with student interns! May your tours be less than an hour long, may you never have to deal with the trailer or dungeon, and may the keys always be there. To these interns, I leave patience, empty waiting rooms and a lot of sedatives.

Second to last (or should it be second to none), the *Omen* staff. Thanks for objectifying me, time and time again. I appreciate the comments about my physique and lifestyle. The free pizza, lap seats, and condoning of bad habits were terrific. Do you guys ever stop giving? For the *Omen* kids, I leave Wilder Korschak. Take care of him. Even though he can be a whiny bitch, he's one of the best creative minds at this place. So do as I do, and disregard that fact entirely. Also, to Shaun Boyle, I leave a bunch of real *Nemo* articles- not those pretty drawings, polls, quotes, comic strips and other drive- but real, honest to

gosh articles that are informative, thought-provoking, and that can hold their own against any Hampshire College publication. Gabe McKee, I leave you Laura Prepon, star of "That 70s Show." Treat her well. To Karl Moore, a pack of cloves. Share them with Gabe. To Zak Kauffman, I leave you a list of better expressions than "white boys in prison." Use them sparingly. Share them with Zole, 'k? To Gwynne, Aundria, Dorian, Laura, Christine and any other chicks that might someday join the *Omen* staff, I leave you a shitload of respect. Way to be completely unacknowledged by the Hampshire community. Use it to your advantage. Forget your duties to your gender and be offensive as hell. I've seen you do it. It's glorious. In addition, I leave you girls a listserver that allows for annoying mass emails proclaiming your womanhood and oppression therein. Oh yeah, and don't forget to objectify yourselves. To Jeff and all of the other new kids, take pride in the "in jokes" that we find so funny and that no one else gets. Stupid plebeians! And finally, to Benni Pierce- a little bit of slack. But not too much- it'd go to your head and make you thoroughly difficult to live with. And maybe some people with minimal typing skills. Let's not go nuts here, though.

And finally, one last shot at humorous arrogance. To my men- those that are, those that were, and those who long to be- sweet dreams, fond memories, the pain of seeing me go but the intense, intense pleasure of watching me leave.

Maybe a couple of those are even serious.



Shouting Theatre in a Crowded Fire



BYE BYE BI?

BY BY BY CAYNNE WATKINS

I hate it when people are all talk and no action. What good is theory without practice? And so, to further cleanse myself of hypocrisy, I'm going to come clean. That's right, folks, I'm shoving one foot back into that overpopulated closet.

Because I haven't slept with a single woman at college.

It's disappointing, actually. After all those years of corralling my girlsex fantasies, begging them not to interfere with my life, promising that I'd set them free when I left small-minded high-schoolers behind... I live a free bus ride away from NoHo, Lesbian Capital of Everywhere, and the only girl I've touched is - ahem - myself.

I can't find a solid explanation for my lack of T&A donations. Sure, I like guys. And I'm attracted to more of the male than female population. But I do find girls attractive, and to exclude an entire gender from my kaleidoscope just seems so limiting.

Then there's the fact that girls don't seem to think of me "like that." I could be that bum who sings outside of Faces for all the attention I get in the streets of Northampton. I figure my gaydar reading must be lower than Barry White's cough.

The most likely reason is, of course, that I'm a lousy lesbian. I'm godawful at it. I can play a few hands with the less fair sex, no problem, but when it comes to girls, it's 52-card-pickup all over again. I don't know how to read

girls' signals. I don't know how to send girls signals. A leather-clad, spiky-haired Smith student once took a liking to me, which she demonstrated with penetrating stares, patronizing nicknames — "little one"?! — and manhandling hugs. But I couldn't bring myself to slap her like a fratboy, because, well, she's a girl! I might hurt her feelings! I didn't have the balls to even acknowledge her interest. In such situations, have the guts of a houseplant.

Ironically, I spent my high school years in fear of being "discovered." I remember my paranoia after Rachel, an oddball but harmless seventeen-year-old, was kicked out of the locker room for "staring." I remember my female friends playing kissing games, testing the bounds of their sexuality, while I sat nervously by; I was afraid that my lust was more serious than theirs. I remember long hugs and shared beds, scared that my companions would read my mind and rip the veil from my dangerous thoughts.

And come to think of it, I'm lying. This goes back at least to middle school, when my pubescent hormones were raging so hard, I'm surprised I didn't find myself attracted to lawn ornaments and microwave ovens. My more cerebral fantasies involved kissing the popular boy or marrying the misunderstood gym class geek. But my budding sexual side couldn't keep its mind off the

ladies. Not particular ladies; mostly abstract female forms, impressions from books or movies or photographs that wouldn't fade.

Maybe these female fantasies were meaningless. The best part of Nicholson Baker's phone-sex novel, *Vox*, was the random images that came to his characters' minds when they masturbated to orgasm. Like a color, or a moment from childhood, or the Presidential Seal. Could I chalk it all up to this phenomenon? Were my fantasy women just so many media images filtering through my subconscious? I mean, I never really fantasized an actual relationship with a woman.

But wait — I'm lying again. Two women come to mind, pictured in their late teens, both devastatingly beautiful and smart and thoroughly unappreciated by moronic adolescent guys. Esther and Alyssa. I'd sit in class (Alyssa in 11th grade English, Esther in 12th grade gym) and stare longingly, devising ways to convince them that their boyfriends were unworthy. I don't think the fantasies went further than that; I didn't dare. But my feelings were strong, and had my thoughts been unguarded, they might have included big plans for Alyssa and Esther.

And still I wonder, if they were anything less than hopelessly hetero, would I have been interested? My few gay friends in high school didn't spark my interest. Is my slight gay-ness just a classic

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RUBBER CANDLE

BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN

Tell me the truth, folks. When was the last time somebody declared mad-passionate love for you over candle-light and wine? What.. never? Really? You're kidding me. No, you're not kidding. I'm kidding. Kinda sad I know. None of us can afford a decent red anyway, so who cares. Wait, I care. I totally do. As the last hopeless, yet still helplessly cynical romantic on the planet, I am destined to think that somewhere in my future is a little bit of cork-popping, and then a little popping of something else.

So here's my question, which is horribly personal, as most things sexual are supposed to be. If the guy you've known 24 hours, whom you met in the yurt, provided said wine and candle-light, and maybe some non-Saga food, would you sleep with him? Even if the conversation outside of the passionate declaration was a little iffy? Would that make you shallow and cheap and a little bit of a whore because you'd been bought with quality? What if he washed his hair just for you? What if he wore that one special pair of pants, the one without the holes? What if he was the proverbial dream guy for all things physical? How perfect would the guy have to be, for you to go all the way, right away?

I'm gonna guess, and I could be wrong, not all that perfect. I'm not talking about me. We all know that I'm a crazy sex-fiend who should be stopped with wombats, but it's the noneasies I'm curious about. I bet a Hampshire guy, even with his limited dirty hippy budget, could score in 24 hours if he really put his mind

to it. (This means getting off the pot for a little while! You should not date stoned!) So let's talk schedule. A nice romantic Friday at Hampshire. (Oh, and this is mainly for dormies. Sorry, I'm still a dorm girl, my life revolves around those loveable blocks of brick.)

Let's wake up early. Say, 10 o'clock. The guy meets the femme in front of Saga, carrying a few supplies: a table-cloth, some real napkins and glasses. Even better, real coffee mugs, even if real coffee cannot be provided, which it should. Any male who wants to provide me with a real cup of java earns serious brownie points. And we're talking special brownies. So they walk in. The girl gets to sit down with the New York Times provided by the PC male and the male goes over to make two deluxe Belgian waffles. We're talking either nor-

mal or vegan waffles. I admit, I'm not down with the chocolate. And I'm so off topic. So the boy makes waffles, snags some fruit and voila, a very cute breakfast in the back room, because there you might get some privacy.

Post breakfast, a walk, down to the Hampshire tree, through the pine forest. Push her on the swing. It's so cute, someone will probably vomit. Curl yourself up with a blanket behind the Yiddish book center. Read Verlaine to her, or if that's too old school, perhaps some Pablo Neruda. Yeah, Neruda. Mmm. Anyway,

after quiet hours of contemplation under the trees, make the quick stop to Atkin's. A sandwich, a fresh salad, maybe some of that delicious but obscenely overpriced Fresh Samantha. Yeah. You cannot have any date without forking over a little cash, even in the downwiththecapitalistpigs Hampshire bubble.

What time is it now? Afternoon? If you hold this date on a Tuesday, you can go laugh at Community Council together. Maybe not, that could be too depressing for words. And if, for some insane reason, you are actually dating a Community Council member... well, I've got nothing to say to you. They're on Community Council. I wouldn't trust most of those cookies with a blunt object. Yeah, perhaps you can just check out each others' pads, get a new piercing... Oh wait, now I remember. You can take the bus

to Amherst and throw paint at the Starbucks after littering the Amherst Quad! Or, if you're a particularly good little Hampshire hippy, you can play your drum for your date. Sounds exciting, I like it.

After escaping the Amherst police, go back to Hampshire and repaint the sign, soandso loves soandso. You'll get in trouble, but dammit, that's love. I'd be impressed, even if I hid it by hitting you upside the head repeatedly. Dinner would be prepared in the lounge, where you would NOT set off the fire alarm. Note: If you set off a fire alarm at any point during your date, be it from food, candles, or branding your loved

**A HAMPSHIRE GUY
COULD SCORE IN 24
HOURS IF HE REALLY
PUT HIS MIND TO IT.**

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WATCH THAT ELEPHANT

BY ZAK KAUFMAN

For the last five years I've been working on a project that has recently born fruition. I've developed a sitcom that has been picked up by UPN for the new fall schedule, with plans to air it Monday nights after 'The Hughleys'. The following is the pitch that sold the network on my vision.

America is a country that has always craved entertainment. We've tried it all; Porn, liquor, and Gamera, but eventually we always return to the granddaddy of entertainment, the circus. And yet, there is not a single circus themed show on network TV today. I aim to change that with 'Watch That Elephant'.

'Watch That Elephant' is a show about people. Circus people. These are people that all Americans can identify with, from the lowliest elephant cleaner to the most regal of acrobats.

The show is centered on the Bambino family, a circus family three generations deep. The Bambinos recently retired from active circus life and must now adjust to domestic life. It's a touching story of the human heart that shows that even though you leave the circus, the circus never truly leaves you.

The Characters:

The Bambino family is a motley crew consisting of Martha and Frank Bambino, a May December couple both hailing from circus families. They have two young children, Shawn and Alice. Also on the show is Martha's younger brother Arnold.

Frank Bambino: Frank is the

crux of the show, an aging lion tamer unable to keep up with today's fast paced circus world. At 54 Frank isn't elderly but is a bit too old to still be a lion tamer and so moves the Bambinos from the circus to Westchester New York for his retirement.

A man of fiery spirit, Frank fought his retirement and is having trouble letting go of the circus life. He now works in an office building, but often suffers from flashbacks and begins whipping his coworkers and forcing them back with chairs and whatnot. Frank is a proud man who is having trouble accepting his new station in life, but for his family's sake is trying with all his heart.

Martha Bambino: 20 years

Frank's junior, Martha Bambino fell in love with Frank the moment she met him at the age of 16. They married the next day and have been happily ever since.

It was mainly through Martha's urgings that Frank retired from the circus. Martha saw that Frank would keep on going into the lion's den until it killed him, and so did what was necessary to end the madness. Formerly a contortionist and an acrobat, Martha must now adjust to becoming a housewife. During her household duties we will often see Martha using skills from her old profession, contorting herself in order to dust in difficult places and flipping over chairs and the like. One of Martha's main uses on the show will be to make frequent contortionist sex jokes, to which an offstage presence will always yell 'You go girl!'.

Shawn Bambino: At sixteen Shawn is the oldest Bambino child, and so feels lots of pressure to develop a successful circus act. As he is a deeply ugly child, many of the more glamorous circus roles are limited to him, but he is strongly considering a career in the clown or strongman fields.

Alice Bambino: The youngest Bambino child at eight years, Alice is this show's Cindy Brady. Bright, curious, and oh so cute, Alice will be the show's heart. Plus, whenever we don't know what to do for an episode we can have her lose a tooth or some shit like that.

The thing that separates Alice from the rest of the Bambinos is that Alice is beginning to learn that the circus life isn't what she craves. She hasn't revealed this to the family yet, but get ready for sparks to fly when she does.

Arnold: Arnold is the twenty-seven-year-old brother of Martha Bambino, and unlike the rest of the Bambinos is still a member of the circus. He will not be featured in every episode, filling more of a wacky neighbor role. Hopefully we'll be able to get Michael Richards or Richard Dean Anderson for the role.

Arnold is a clown who's lost his motivation in life. He's a deeply talented man with the potential to revolutionize the clown business, but never works hard enough to put together a really good show, despite the urgings of big sis Martha. Look for him to eventually take on Shawn Bambino in a mentor relationship that may reinvigorate Arnold's love for the clown business. Keep an eye on this

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

MY VERY SECULAR HOLIDAY CONTRIBUTION



BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO

Alias: Kris Kringle
Rides: Reindeer-drawn sleigh
Worst Moment: Foggy Christmas Eve
Astrological Sign: Pisces
Friendly Rival: Federal Express
Late Night Guilty Pleasure: ECW Hardcore TV
Japanese Pro Wrestler: Tetsuhiro Kuroda
Favorite Hair Song: Three-Five-Zero-Zero
Often Mistaken for: A Baldwin Brother
Clever Sexual Entendre: Don't think about Santa that way!
Influential Russian Author: Tolstoy
Canadian Party Affiliation: CRCA
Had Sex with Mrs. Claus: Yes
Least Favorite Reindeer: Blitzen
Lewis vs. Tyson: Tyson
Joe vs. The Volcano: Joe
Misawa vs. Kawada: 1/99
Roe v. Wade: Roe
Christmas Carol: "Deck the Halls"
Must See TV?: No



Zechs Marquise

Millardo Peacecraft
 Whomp-Ass Gundam Epyon
 Getting thrashed by Heero Yuy
 Scorpio
 Tres Kushrinada
 USA's "Up All Night"
 Tomoaki Honma
 Walking In Space
 Voltron Pilot
 Cyberzechs
 Dostoyevsky
 Bloc Quebecois
 No
 Comet
 Lewis
 Volcano
 6/94
 Roe
 "Christmas in Hollis"
 Yes



WATCH THAT ELEPHANT continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

guy for spin off potential.

The Monkey: He's a monkey that's a part of the Arnold's act. Constantly dressed in a Shriner's cap and nothing else. Will hump things to cover up any rough spots in the episode. The monkey and Frank Bambino have a strong antagonism with each other, the history of which will be explored in the first season finale, and often yell witty putdowns at each other (the monkey will be subtitled).

Episodes:

The pilot episode will focus on patriarch Frank Bambino's adjust-

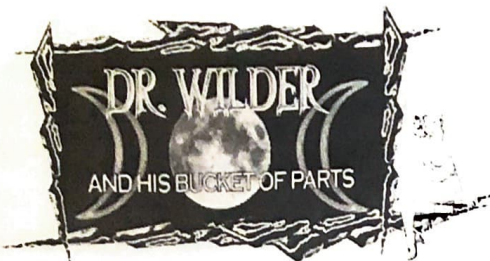
ment to civilian life. He's accepted the change but fears that he no longer has the lion tamer spirit. The rest of the family has begun to doubt him and tries to convince him to give up hope of ever returning to that life, even going as far as taking away his whip (major castration subtext). At show's end a lion breaks into the house and terrorizes the family. Frank tries to stop the lion but lacks his whip. At the last second the Monkey leaps from off screen and throws Frank his whip, allowing Frank to save the day and gain redemption. Subplot: Alice has trouble at school.

Episode two will begin the Black Elephant saga, which will continue for four episodes. The arc focuses on Shawn's lack of direction and the development of Arnold's mentoring of Shawn. Subplot: Frank's briefcase is wackily exchanged for that of a Mafia bagman, leading Frank and the monkey to infiltrate the mob and replace the case before the police catch up with them.

Episode six: Ahm, yeah.

Look for 'Watch that Elephant' this Fall on UPN Action Mondays.





BY J. WILDER KONSCHAK

ONEIRIC PAYOFF

Preface:
I realize now that my limited audience doesn't really remember what I've written. I realize now that my best work, at best, was hanged from someone's door til dead, either because it said something that person agreed with, or because it said something about that person. (I think 80% of *Omen*-readers are just skimming through in search of their own names. And 90% of *Omen*-writers are *Omen*-writers because they couldn't think of any better way to get their names in there.) I realize all this!

But! I'm *not* going to rant. I'm *not* going to whine about short-falls, or ramble aimlessly, as others might do when stuck with this reluctant cynicism. No! Instead, I'm going to produce another well-formed article – rigidly organized, topical, and uncritical – discussing current events at Hampshire College. Enjoy!

Introduction:

Whether you've noticed it or not, there are some *New Signs* elegantly delineating areas of our idyllic campus, nestled here, as always, in the rolling mountains and rocky farmlands of Western Massachusetts. Accordingly, I shall now list these new signs, one-by-one, and include a concise symbolic analysis of with each. I hope this shallow mask for my real thoughts satiates those with the lame desire for

fewer typo-ridden rants in the *Omen*. After all, an obliging, tinny lie is always preferable to a cluttered, rudely-put truth.

Parking for
Greenwich
House

Greenwich House:

I live in Greenwich. In Greenwich, recently, I've been destroying my life. I've been doing so by hitting the hay around midnight, by getting up around 8am. I go to breakfast, I see the sunshine, I get my work done, I exercise regularly. And never, ever, *never*, never have I been more uninspired, ill-tempered, and displeased with life. Healthy, sensible living makes me want to puke up 42lbs of internal organs. But, on the other hand, I feel very ready for office work at an advertising firm. I feel like a young Republican. I used to feel like John Bender.

Student and Visitor
Parking
Enfield House

Enfield House:

I don't wear ties. Ever. As a result, I don't have power-ties. But I do have *power-shirts*. Like this one. It's blue and it glows, which

beats the living hell out of any number of red power-ties. I only wish I had more occasions to wear my power-shirts. Unfortunately, that would require some sort of mega-event, something monumentally earth-shattering and totally unexpected, something like me thinking of a joke to finish this sentence.

Charles and Polly Longworth Arts Village

Charles and Polly Longworth Arts Village:

Have you ever noticed: artsy Existentialists always come in pairs? I'm at breakfast, and this girl is sitting across from me, her back toward me, in a booth, regularly making less-than-subtle attempts to sneak a glance at me. I keep catching her. She doesn't stop. And I start wondering, is it a reasonable conversation-starter to sing, "I caught you! I caught you! I caught you looking!" Doesn't something like that happen in *Pretty in Pink*, or *Sixteen Candles*, or *The Breakfast Club*? Or was it in the utterly depressing *St. Elmo's Fire*, where John Bender was a young Republican? John Bender in a power-tie. Morbid.

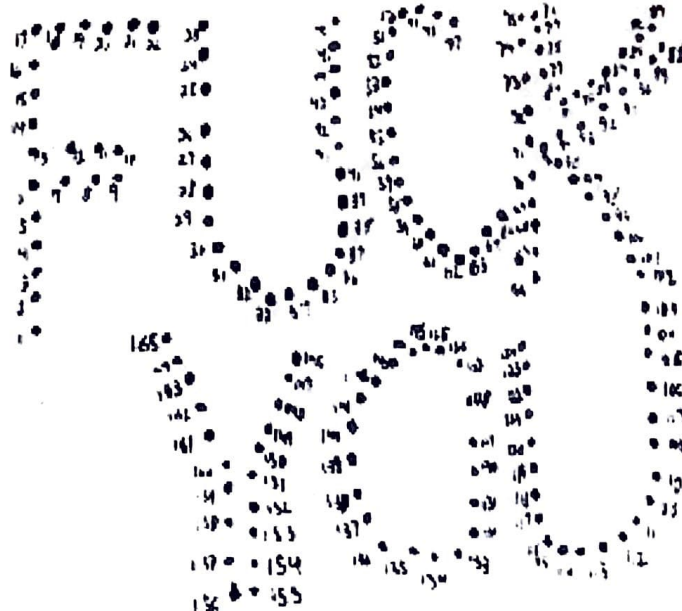
The Other Arts Village Sign:

Despite recent trends in sub-missions, as policy director, I'd like to officially state that the

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SPECIAL OMEN FUN PAGE

Connect the Dots to Form a Special Holiday Message from the *Omen*.



BROUGHT TO YOU BY GABRIEL MCKEE

ONEIRIC PAYOFF

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Omen is *not* a haven for avid masturbateurs. To the many who have contributed, I remind you: one of the benefits of touching oneself is that no one *needs to know* how weird you are, sexually. Let's keep this magazine on a need-to-know basis.

The Good Old Recycle Shed Signs:

Recycle Shed

Not new, but worthy of a tribute: of course, I mean *Goths*. You've got to admire them. They do more work in a morning than some of us do in a week. When they wake up, they look just like us; but after the arduous, hours-long process of re-

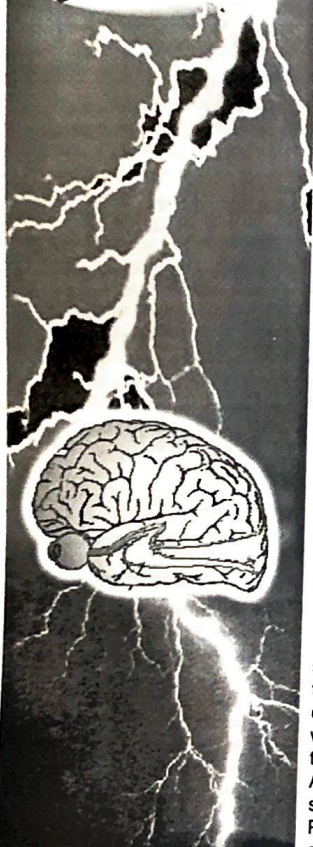
gothery concludes, they don't. And, more impressive still, they stick with that look all day long. I could never feel that *black* all day.

Conclusion:

Most days, I get to around lunch time, and I realize that I'm not feeling all that *powerful* today; and so, I take off my *power-shirt* and trade it in for a tee shirt. I sit back on my bed, abandon my regular sleep schedule, and treat myself to a daydream, where exotic girls in saga approach me about *Omen* articles I've written, where I have nights-out worthy of power-shirts, where my coworkers aren't enthusiastic masturbateurs. Most days are only worth the goods they supply for most nights' dreams.



SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

SOME LIKE IT FROM THE GRIDDLE

Some people say that courtesy is dead. Like my great aunt. A good part of my youth was spent sitting on her dusty couch, listening to lectures on the art of a proper thank you letter. I was drilled well. Every other week it seemed she'd send me some ridiculous package, with even more ridiculous contents (like the shampoo samples she stole out of a Cosmopolitan while at the check-out) then wait not so patiently for a nice thank you letter. Nowadays I don't write that many thank you letters. Since we put my great aunt in a home after she set her neighbor's mail on fire (she thought they were a Communist) she doesn't send out nearly as much mail. But I still like to show people my gratitude when they do something nice for me. I just do it a little more informally.

Over the years I've taken up the habit of thanking my gentlemen callers with homemade eggs. After a lovely night, I like to offer up my gratitude in the form of a fluffy omelet or plate of poached egg perfection. Sharing a hearty breakfast is much more gratifying, I find, than sending some polite drivel on kitten trimmed stationary. Sure you can't hang it on your fridge afterwards, but it gives you the protein you need to start your day. And each is as individual as the sordid encounter they precede. Plus it's instantaneous and anonymous, no trading of personal information like car accident victims, or wondering if your thank you letter has fallen into the wrong hands. However, unlike thank you letters, whose objective is to clearly thank, the eggs

are sometimes misinterpreted and even rejected. Recently I've met someone who has made me rethink my tactics. After a rather pleasant encounter, I automatically went into egg mode. I was prepared to whip up the best my humble abilities would allow. I wanted to make an egg that would say more than just "Thanks", but promise them everlasting friendship and free use of my ten percent discount at the local car wash. But I was cut off at the pass. They laid a hand on my shoulder and gently broke the news. They didn't like eggs. I was astonished and hurt. I couldn't think clearly. Was this seemingly innocent rejection of my culinary skills really just a cover for rejecting me? Or did they think my offer was a sign of a repressed urge to entrap them into an oppressive domestic situation? I wanted to make them eggs, reach out to their soul, and they were denying me access, rebuffing my frying pan advances. I looked into their deep consuming eyes and cursed them for their bizarre dietary habits.

Just as I was about to throw them out and vow never to behold their visage again, they suggested that perhaps we should make pancakes, together. And then I had a thought. Perhaps I was making the eggs more about me than them, selfishly and secretly making the eggs a standard everyone had to live up to. Perhaps I could branch out to other breakfast foods. There are, after all, so many to choose from. Maybe I could even explore the exciting world of tofu. But then I came to my senses and I real-

BY ALYSSA DZAUIC

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J'accuse!



DEATH OF A POISON FAN

BY GABRIEL MCKEE

Gabriel McKee was found dead in his room in Enfield on Friday, November 24th, 2000. The cause of death was self-inflicted lacerations apparently created by the broken shards of his large collection of Poison compact discs and "bootleg" live recordings. The following journal is a record of his final weeks.

Sunday, 9:15 PM. I've just finished watching VH-1's "Behind the Music" on Poison. There's something there: something in that brief rockumentary holds all of the secrets of the universe. And I will not rest until I've found them. The truth lies somewhere on the long, lonely road from "Talk Dirty to Me" to "Something to Believe In" and the whole *Native Tongue* fiasco.

Wednesday, 5:37 AM. I



Photo: John Scarpatti

haven't slept for days. Horror. I must have dozed off Weeks? Hard to tell. I can't for a moment. I had a dream—a terrible, freakish nightmare. Only isolated images remain, haunting me: Bobby Dall collapsing on stage. Bret Michaels' twisted and broken face following his near-fatal cocaine-induced car wreck. CC Deville fat. Rikki Rockett's nightmare-inspiring chin. May God have mercy on my soul.



Saturday, 8:45 AM. Bobby doesn't look the same since he cut his hair. He looks like somebody's father. Granted, he is now—father of two, as VH-1 so kindly informed me. This man who once sang back-up on "I Want Action" has settled down. Not so Vince Neil.

Saturday, 4:26 PM. Another websearch uncovers a goldmine: Angela and Rose's private investigator after having his car inexplicably damaged, his house ablaze, and his dog murdered by a person (or persons?) unknown, possibly related to the sex tape scandal. I weep for Bret and put on my headphones, seeking solace in "Every Rose Has Its Thorn."

Friday, 4:26 AM. I

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MUSIC FOR COMATOSE PEOPLE

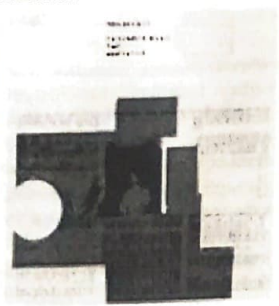
BY CHRISTINE FERNSEBNER ESQUIRE

Wow, Christine hasn't reviewed any music for over a month now. To get her back into the correct mindset, let's start with a bad one...



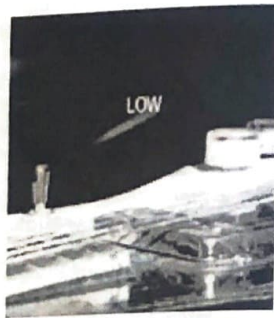
PJ Harvey, *Stories From The City, Stories From The Sea* (Island)

I'm all for musicians doing unexpected things, whether their fans like it or not, but if Polly Jean Harvey's work had to go in a new direction, why did it have to be bland "modern rock"? To be fair, it's not a bad album, and it includes a very pretty duet with Thom Yorke. But the world already has more than enough radio-friendly female singer-songwriters with guitars (and they'd all love to sing duets with Thom Yorke). It's just hard to believe that this woman used to make really interesting albums full of strange Biblical references and atmosphere and growling.



Broadcast, *Extended Play* Two (Tommy Boy)

I really like this band and have no idea why. I thought I had heard enough electronic music with monotonous female vocals. But when I got into the Magnetic Fields, too, I thought I'd heard enough depressing synthpop with bored-gayman vocals. How wrong I was. Despite writing lyrics that sometimes seem to be headed somewhere interesting and then end up nowhere, and despite having them sung by a girl with a pretty but unremarkable voice who can't seem to decide whether she's supposed to sound like she means it or not, Broadcast is really very good. I just can't tell you why.



Low, "Dinosaur Act" single (Tugboat)

The title made me think that Low had covered a Matthew Sweet song, and I may be one of the few people who doesn't think that would be a terrible idea. So I was almost disappointed when I finally heard Low's "Dinosaur Act" and found that it was not indeed Matthew Sweet's "Dinosaur Act". Almost. There is nothing to be disappointed about here. Long-time Low fans may be slightly disturbed by the presence of horns on the title track, but they will be quickly reassured by the second track, "Overhead", which utilizes something like that sound (is it guitars?) that gave "Do You Know How To Waltz?" (the fourteen-minute masterpiece from their 1996 album *The Curtain Hits The Cast*) that middle-of-the-night-and-underwater feeling, and the third track, where they get all Biblical.

You can listen to any of the crap reviewed above (with the exception of David Sylvian) by looking in the directory "mpthree" on London 1888 in the Enfield "neighborhood" on the campus PC network. Please copy it to your own computer before playing it, or at least try not to sue me.



David Sylvian, *Everything and Nothing* (Virgin)

Two CDs of new age muzak only tolerated by the sort of people who know every 4AD release by catalogue number. Avoid.

I WRITE THE SONGS THAT MAKE THE WHOLE WORLD SING

BY BRADY BURROUGHS

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INVOLUNTARY CELIBACY

A.K.A MOUNT HOLYOKE GIRLS ARE HOT

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO

Now I am sure the Omen readership is thinking, "Please Jeffrey, no more uninspired political clap trap this week. Talk about you favorite Gigantor episode or something." If you are like me, though, you only pick up the Omen to read Section Zole, and have no idea who I am, but suspect I am some spunky first year trying his hardest to be edgy. But either way, fear not. This will be a week of self-discovery and ennui, free of political proselytizing. It begins with a realization I came to, oh, eleven years ago or so.

I like women. I think it may be a guy thing.

I ended up on a very involved bus ride back to campus from the Hampshire Mall with a young woman from Holyoke. Although I never said anything to her, not even a colloquial "What time is it?" I still recognize that she was very attractive. From the Hamp Mall to Amherst, then waiting for the fine drivers of PVTAs to come by to take me back to Hampshire, well, you learn a lot about a person. For example, she was about five foot five, one hundred and twenty pounds or so. She reminded me of a girl I went to high school with. What is the point of all this? Well, besides demonstrating my own patheticness, it provided me a valuable insight into male/female relationships. About six weeks after the breakup, you really start to miss the casual sex.

Well, it's been about three months now, and despite my con-

tinued attempts to "get the hook up," I am sadly without a significant other. This really doesn't bother me. I know I am not exactly boy band material, and perhaps fourteen year olds don't get moist when they see me walk by them on the sidewalk. I can live with that, even accept it. Still, I have been called "adequate" in the looks department, my personality, "tolerable" and my wardrobe, "inoffensive." I have even grown the scraggly goatee that practically screams "liberal arts student." So why is there no action at the casa de Paternostro? I think I have figured it out. You have to understand something; the male/female ratio here is deceiving. Sure Hampshire is sixty-five percent female, but they don't really give you the break down of that sixty five percent. Accounting for the girls who are lesbians, dating UMASS grad students, involved in long distance trysts with European artists, or involved with Gabe McKee, that leaves about six girls, all of whom are not ready for a relationship. But hey, I am not exactly breaking new ground.

In high school this was all much less complicated. You shop at American Eagle, join the soccer team, go to a party... badda bing, badda boom, it just sort of took care of itself. But in college it is so much harder. Although you are interacting with attractive females on a regular basis, they expect more than just a glass of SoCo and 7-Up and the ability to hit a nice cor-

ner kick. I haven't figured out what that is yet. Obviously if I had I wouldn't be writing this article. Yet I am not bitter, college has mellowed me a lot. In high school I was a lot more overwrought during the "not getting any" periods, now I simply shrug it off and go back to my Nintendo 64 and play lots of Aimee Mann songs. It's a coping mechanism really.

I'd like to think that I am enlightened enough to move beyond the need to indulge in the long time collegiate institution of tawdry casual sex, but obviously that wasn't in the divine plan for eighteen year old males. I remember learning in the ubiquitous high school health class that the average male has had four sexual partners by the time he graduates high school. So it seems some bastard took a few of mine, and I want them back.

Of course, this is all compounded by the fact that one of the hot girls on my floor is leaving at the end of the semester. Yeah I know all about the hall booty rules, but as Sartre said, "Hall booty may be bad booty, but no booty is worse."

Yes, I know I am being a whiny bitch just cause I'm not rocking the casbah on a weekly basis. But at least it's more important than global warming. Well, to me at least, maybe not to the penguins.

Until next time, I hope to spend the holidays practicing my tongue and cheek musings on a female volunteer.



TOKEN LATINA FEELS HOMESICK

BY LAURA TORRES

Sign. It is that time of year again. And no I am not talking about Christmas or any other major religious holiday that occurs during the month of December. Nor am I dwelling on the fact that I have much work to do and have actually went with a friend to CVS to purchase some no-doze. No, I am welling up because in a few short days it will be Quito party days. My very favorite time of year, and I will be most likely popping no-doze and Excedrin washed down with Coca-Cola instead of being where I want to be most—home and discussing swift kills with a drunken mob.

The fifth and sixth of December are special days for the capital of Ecuador. Perhaps the locals have forgotten but I know it means some independence thing or another. It is a time where huge crowds of people gather in the streets and get fantastically drunk and bond. Sometimes I must believe there is no bond like a drunken Latin American plaza bond. We laugh and we cry

and hold each other's hair over the gutter. Then we go watch the bullfights. Yes my darling Hampshire students, we slaughter bulls for the sheer sport of it. We yell "OLE!" We watch the matador in his charming hat and cape confuse that poor bull senseless and make a quick and vicious kill. The blood dribbles all over the arena and we drink some more! I take a moment to bat my eyelashes at the matador and hopes he sees me. There is nothing sexier than a man who can kill a wild bull.

Night comes and the fun has only just begun. We then board buses called chivas. However, these are not your ordinary buses. These are special buses made especially for a live band to play on the roof and for people to stand on top of the bus along with the band and get more hopelessly drunk as we take wild joyride to various plazas and dance like the patriotic fools that we are. If only the PVTAs buses could be that exciting. Due to the high level of intoxication of the average person on the bus

we start to yell crazy things like "VIVA QUITO!!" And we promise each other that we will be even more hammered before the night is over.

After our crazy bus ride and at least one person's near death experience, we head to the clubs. I miss Latin American clubs. They are easy to get into and the mix of people is good. And you can always get some guy to buy you a drink. Chilling outside the clubs is cool too. There you will always find a drunken German tourist willing to talk to you in garbled Spanish. Ahhh so many deep conversations can be had over these special days.

Well, I have grown up enough now to not expect such from Hampshire or the United States. Various people have pointed out to me that inebriation on the roof of the PVTAs bus could quite possibly be frowned upon. So I guess I will be back to work. Still I cannot help but reminisce a little... Happy Holidays from your very own Token Latina.



SOME LIKE IT FROM...

continuations

FROM PAGE 14

ized that eggs, like thank you letters, aren't about being nice, they're about being polite. You send them in the hope that the people who receive them will be suckered into giving you more.

So gentle reader, I did what I had to get them coming back for more. I made the pancakes and took it as an opportunity to vertically consolidate. Like a crazed heroine addicted artist, I changed my palate (only with better results and less red eye). The moral of the story, you should always screen potential dates thoroughly. Complete with a psychological evaluation and blood work. Because like Ms. Gittleman says, it's important to have standards. Or that one pancake eater in hand is worth two egg consumers in the bush.





GEEK LOVE

THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

BY KARL MOORE

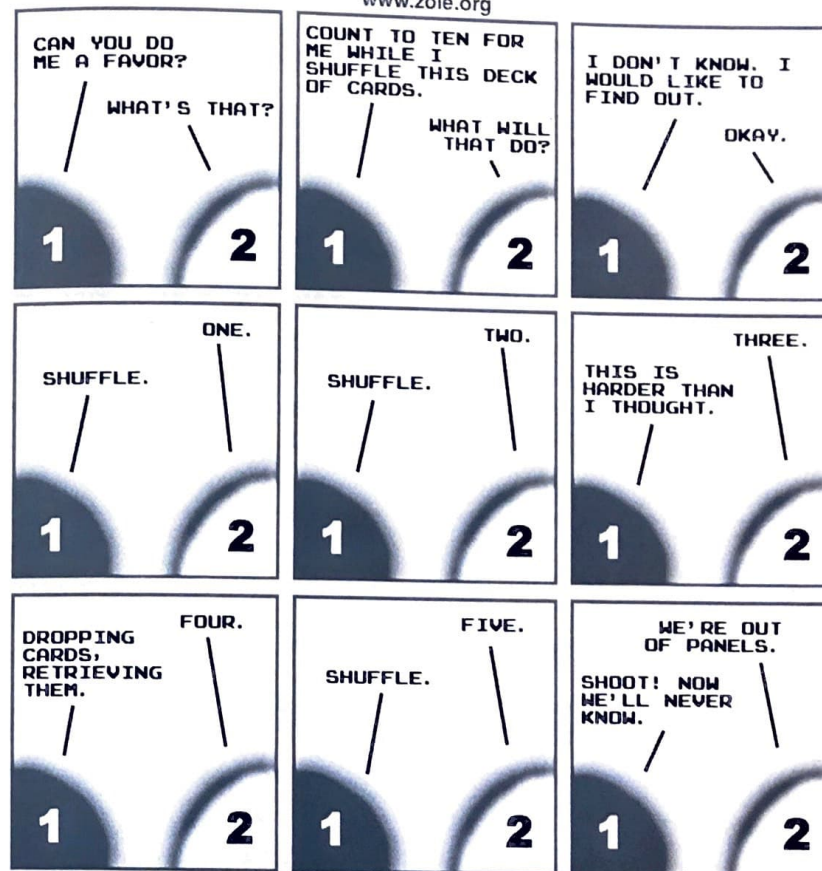
Yo mama like a helicopter. She hovers... ON MY DICK!
Yo mama listen to Mantovani.
Yo mama so stupid, she tried to invade Russia-during winter, no less.
Yo mama rely too much on salt when she cook.
Yo mama so old she invented water.
Yo mama would suck off Jar-Jar Binks if she could.
Yo mama can't color-coordinate for shit.
Yo mama's face look like someone tried to cut lasagna with a sandblaster.
Yo mama's blood pressure be way above normal.
Yo mama gave you your stupid name, motherfucker.
Yo mama once ate a sandwich somebody spit on. Why'd they spit on it? 'CAUSE SHE'S A BITCH!
Yo mama naïve and shit.
Yo mama on eBay.
Yo mama make dated cultural references in order to stay current.
Yo mama's ass got a turnstile.
Yo mama got bad knees. She can't run fast, shithead.
Yo mama is like a supercollider. She accelerates particles... THE PARTICLES OF MY DICK!
Yo mama laugh at everything I say.
Yo mama front harder than a window display.
Yo mama tries too hard
Yo mama wears Depends... on her head.
Yo mama be codependent and shit.
Yo mama don't eat right.
Yo mama is like a European. She eats French fries with mayo... MY DICK MAYO!
Yo mama once blew an ATM 'cause it gave her money.
Yo mama be an alcoholic- a cheap alcoholic.
Yo mama collects Pez dispensers. Know what her favorite one is? THE ONE SHAPED LIKE MY DICK!
Yo mama so fat, she got chafe marks on her ass from the windows of her house.
Yo mama so hairy, she looks like a sea urchin.
Yo mama makes a horrible porno actress.
Yo mama be going to hell when she die.
Yo mama can't play Starcraft worth a damn.
Yo mama stole my Dreamcast. Whore.
Yo mama performed a self-tonsillectomy. She used a SCALPEL TAPED TO MY DICK!
Yo mama knows what a duvet is.
Yo mama a disgrace to her gender.
Yo mama so fat, she got 20-inch rims.... ON HER ASS!
Yo mama emphasize style over substance.
Yo mama phony, and don't nobody like her.
Yo mama always be starting land wars in Asia and Shit.
Yo mama speak only one language.
Yo mama so old and stupid, she still think Myanmar be Burma.
Yo mama never gets the best deals on anything.
Yo mama screams like a little girl.

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST X

* by M. Zole *

www.zole.org



FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Yo mama could suck the dirt off the Earth
Yo mama can't drive stick.
Yo mama collects coins... which are in my pocket, NEXT TO MY DICK!
Yo mama too needy.
Yo mama think Diet Coke and Coke taste the same n' shit.
Yo mama can't speak English. Get her the fuck outta here.
Yo mama so dumb, she ate her front porch.
Yo mama be like a hamster. People only use her for sex.
Yo mama made me mad, so I killed the bitch.
Yo mama so stupid, she don't know how to die.



FROM PAGE 4

fighting to bring power back to the people on this campus in the best way we know how. So naturally, there has been a clash, not necessarily caused by personalities battling over control. But then again, portraying it as such always makes the readers happy, because it makes Council seem like a big dramatic car crash waiting to happen. I understand your desire to placate your readers. It's the journalistic way, Benni. But come on, if you are going to bash Council at least put some effort into it. It deserves a better show than you've given it here.

You also claim that the only way for council to get anything done is for us all to become one big happy family of sheep that agrees on everything. This isn't the fucking partridge family, stuff a) doesn't work that way and b) shouldn't because that is mindless and dangerous. I can just picture it now, Council is in the

middle of heated debate about whether or not to appoint a new voting member and take away the public's right to chose, and Michael Benni Pierce, jumps up and shouts from behind the camera, "Can't we all just get along." Yeah right, do you really believe that, Benni, or does it just look pretty on paper? You are the editor of the most controversial paper on campus and you are calling for peace and love in the faculty lounge? I don't buy it! Not only that, if council agreed on everything and just followed the opinions of whoever was leading discussion, we would be well on our way to a dictatorship. The fact that there are so many different opinions on Council is what prevents one person or a group of people from ruling campus. In addition to that, Benni, who says that the new collective mind of Council that you propose is going to do things that you actually

agree with? I think personality wise; the emerging consensus would be against most of the ideals you set down in your article.

Finally, because brevity is the soul of wit, and I feel that these outward flourishes have gone on too long, I will be brief in concluding. You are only defeating your cause by bashing the very people who are working for you here. People wonder why Council can't retain its members, I say it is because, as Council members, we fight a war on two fronts. The first is in the trenches, the front lines at the meetings, trading ideas like shells. And the second is our war at home, fighting half-assed propaganda and limp-dick criticism. You do no one any good by not getting the story right. So next time, Benni, show some care in where you point your articles, use the fucking sniper rifle and leave your allies alone.



RUBBER CANDLES

continuations

FROM PAGE 9

one's name on your chest, no play will be gotten. None. Not a chance. Fire alarms mean automatic revocation of any privileges you might once have had or would ever have earned.

During your candlelight dinner with a hearty Merlot or Burgundy, you will declare your undying love in a soft and sweet voice. Do not stutter, do not mumble, but definitely show some uncertainty in any reciprocated feelings. I bet she melts like Velveeta. Oh, and when you carry her drunken body back to your room for ravishing, make sure it's clean. Be smart about suckering her into sex, okay? Oh, all of this will be a lot easier if you actually like the girl. Trying to fake feelings for any overly long period of time can be difficult. And I'm not promoting cruelty to desperate women!! Who do you think I am?

And one last thing. Yes, as someone who seems to be dedicating all her time to sex, I feel obliged to give the obligatory (was that redundant?) lecture about safe sex. No, no, I'm not going to tell you about what condoms and dams and things are for. I hope to god you already know that. I'm gonna tell you about the obvious shit. Like keep some in your room! Don't say "excuse me" and run to the bathroom. How not cool! And half the time the condom box/bucket/envelope isn't even filled. That's embarrassing dude, like none other. So be prepared. And have an option or two. Yeah, that's about all I have to say about that. I'm not going to go into specific sexual tactics, because the goal for right now is to get laid, not get laid well. Next week's lessons may cover that, if I'm up to the daunting task of getting it good. Or maybe I'll hope for an EPEC course.

DEATH OF A POISON FAN

continuations

FROM PAGE 15

"Time" is written on the walls in what appears to be dried blood. I turn to leave, but the tiger-woman from the cover of *Open Up and Say... Ahhhh* blocks my path. She begins wailing the lyrics to "Unskinny Bop" and slowly approaches me. I try to escape, but I'm being restrained somehow, and I cannot even turn my head when her tongue approaches it. It turns into a drill, spinning, whining—now only centimeters from my forehead. I wake up in a cold sweat and try not to cry.

Sunday. 2:06 PM. Feeling better now. I think the dream was trying to tell me something, but I can't let myself be distracted by that. The truth isn't in my dream, it's in the rockumentary. I've been letting myself become too scattered. I need to focus. I need. To. Focus.

Monday. 10:06 AM. It occurs to me that I've never seen Bret Michaels' first feature film, "A Letter From Death Row." MTV News Online calls it "a psychological thriller... produced under the auspices of the company he shares with Charlie Sheen." I wonder what it means to have auspices. Are they low-rent offices? A sort of lawn umbrella? A money-laundering organization? Again: distractions. The key is in the film. Everything must be in that film.

Monday. 11:06 AM. Just returned from Pleasant Street, a video rental business in Northampton, MA. They don't have a copy of "A Letter From Death Row." Have to keep looking.

Monday. 12:20 PM. Blockbuster, Amherst, MA. Nothing.

Monday. 1:53 PM. I thought perhaps Video Visions in Storrs, CT might carry it. No luck. Roadblocks, everywhere barriers and barbed wire. Bastards.

Monday. 5:47 PM. I have managed to contact Michaels/Sheen entertainment, though it cost me seventeen dollars, a cup of coffee, and a copy of "Jugs" magazine to do so (but that's a story for another place and time). They have offered to send me a copy of "A Letter From Death Row." I offered them my credit card number. They gladly accepted it. The video cost twenty-two dollars and ninety-five cents, after shipping. It should ship out by Wednesday.

Tuesday. 6:37 AM. Waiting.

Wednesday. 8:07 AM. If I had paid the extra two dollars to have the video sent UPS, I could be tracking it online right now. Regret.

Thursday. Can't wait any longer. Pain too great.

I'm sorry.



BYE BYE BI?

continuations

FROM PAGE 8

case of wanting what I can't have?

I guess a part of me is grateful for the unexpected drop in my bi-curiosity. I never understood women who consoled themselves by saying, "I'm giving up on men! I'm going to switch to women!" Because, really, wouldn't that be just one more gender to get mad at? And then who would you bitch to? Women, after all, have the potential to be so much more trouble than men. Women play mind games. Women put

subtext where it doesn't belong. Women have hormone surges and cry about things that won't matter in twenty minutes. We're high-maintenance, dude. How would I look after two of us?

So at the price of some excitement, and at the promise of some stability, I'm declaring myself straight. The bi-curiosity is still there, in healthy doses, but it no longer puppeteers my fantasy life. It seems as soon as I had license, I lost interest.

But wait — I just lied again, didn't I? I mean, I should know

by now that you can't fit sexuality into a neat little box and label it. "Straight" is an awfully confining term. I think I'd prefer "wavy." "Gently curved." "Plaid."

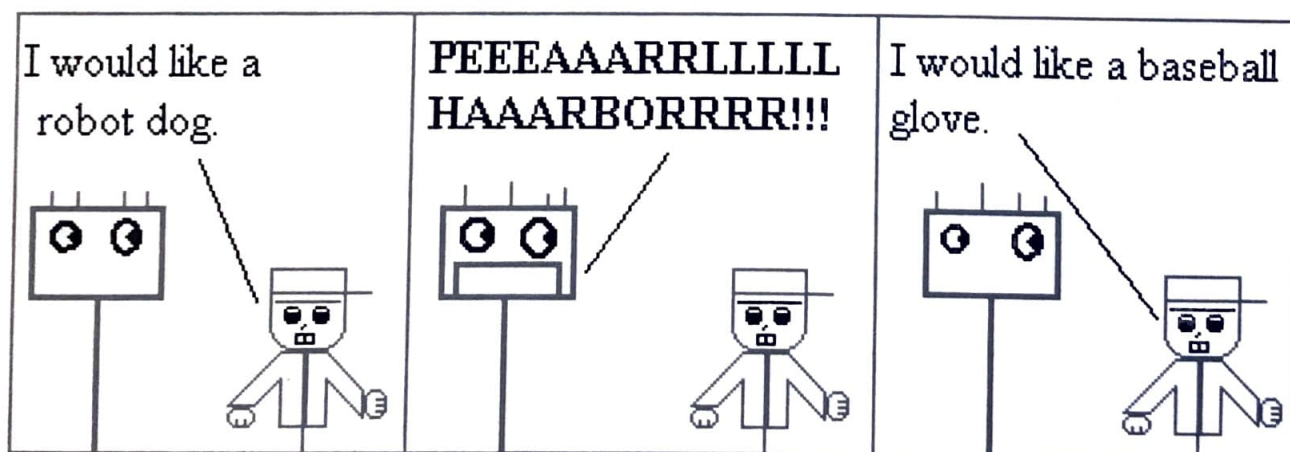
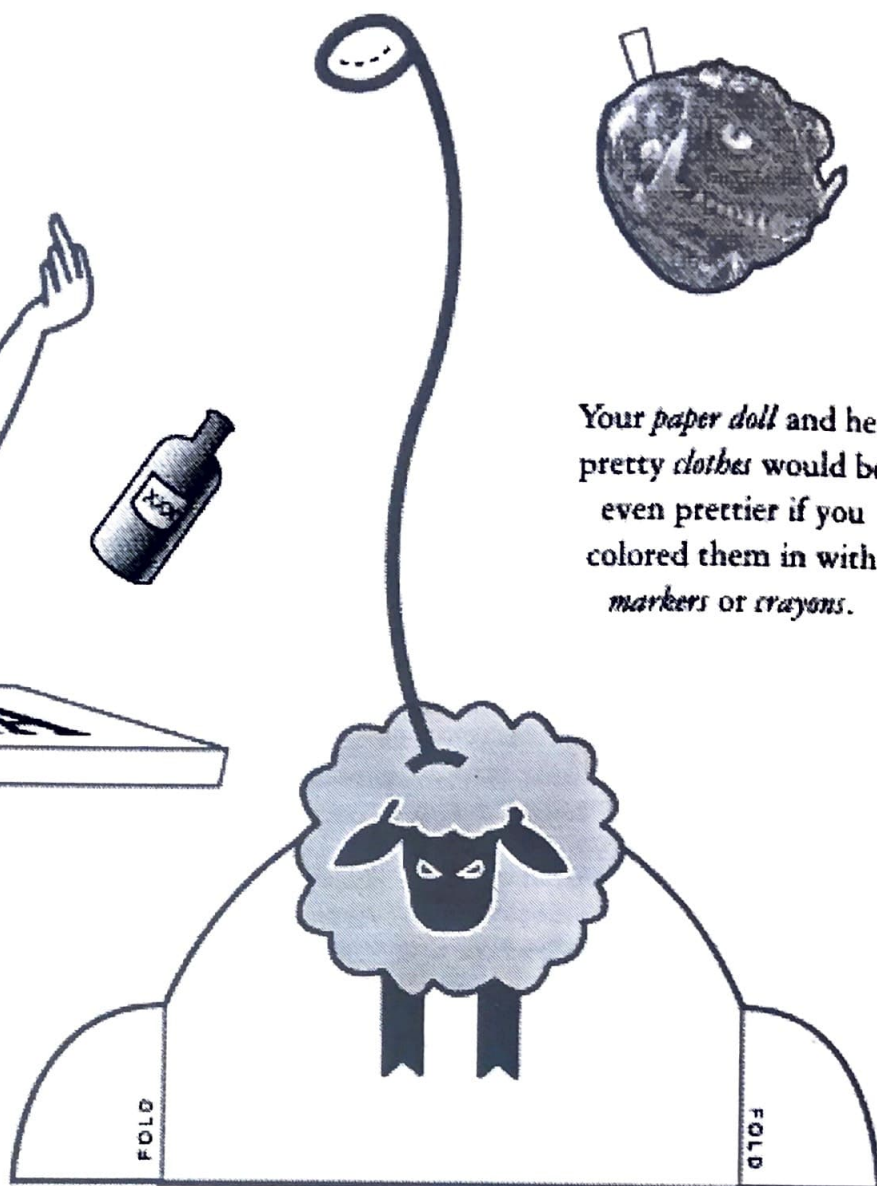
Then again, maybe I'm just like everybody else — a sexual being looking to make that aspect of my life less confusing. Which is silly, because where there are hormones, there will always be confusion.

And according to that philosophy, I'm turning out just fine.





Your *paper doll* and her
pretty *clothes* would be
even prettier if you
colored them in with
markers or *crayons*.



Screamin' Steven

BY KARL MOORE